A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, July 23. 1709.

THE Wellcome News of the taking the City of *Tourney*, is now the Town's Entertainment——— What is Matter of Fact, I have nothing to do but to congratulate you upon—— The Town, considering its Strength, has been happily won, the Time short, and the Loss of Men but little. What is Matter of Suggestion, is capable of Remark.

Nothing will satisfie our People, but that now the *French* will make Peace, that is, sign the Preliminaries; and *Rumour* begins to act its Part in every Place, from the publick Talk at *Brussels* and the *Hague*, it flies to *Exchange-Alley*, and our Stock-jobbers, who are all *High-Flyers* by Occupation, raise the Stocks immediately, 4, 5, and 6 *per Cent.* because they will have it, that the *French* will sign the Preliminaries.

The Noise of Peace drowns all Manner of Relation of Fact—— Infinite Suggestions fill your Discourses; The Elector of *Bavaria*'s taking a Compliment for Liberty to hunt—must be an Intrigue, and his Game is a more private Negotiation; to day Monsieur *Torcy* is in the *French* Camp *Incognito*, to morrow he is at *Valenciennes*; one while he has sent to the States Field-Deputies to demand a Treaty, then for a Pass to the *Hague*, and the like——— One Word of all which is not true, nor any Ground for the Suggestion of it—that, I presume to say, may be depended upon.

That

That the *French* would gladly make a Peace, and that upon any tolerable Terms, *Spain* being left uncertain, I make no queſtion of—That the Miſeries of their Country, the Diſcontents of their People, and the Diſorder of their Finances, preſs them very hard to a Peace, is out of Doubt—— But they cannot perſwade themſelves to part with *Spain*, whereupon the preſent War is continu'd.

I ſhall be far from leſſening the Advantages we have over the Enemy, in Numbers, in Courage, and in the Poſture of the War; but give me Leave to ſay, did not their Money fail them, and Famine pinch them; 'tis not all we have hitherto done, would bring them to ſign theſe Preliminaries—They would let you knock your Men on the Head againſt Stone-Walls, they would cover their Towns with their Armies, and their Armies with their Towns, and hold you out theſe ſeven Years ſtill— But the Sinews fail them, and the Body, languiſhing like a Human Body, that is, bleeding to Death, the Eyes dazzle, the Countenance falls, the Head ſinks into the Breaſt, and all the Powers of the Body are gradually enervated.

Now, to conſider *France* in its preſent Poſture, ſome probable Gueſſes may be made at the preſent View of their Affairs, and what they aim at; by which may be ſeen, in ſome Degree, the true Reaſons of the War, and probable Gueſſes may be made, when a Peace is in View, and when not—— That we may no more amuſe our ſelves with Rumours and Reports, the Baſtards of *Exchange-Alley*'s Vice, and the Mines and Fongades of our Commerce, the Filth and Slime of the State, from whence generate Parties, Factions, Feuds, and National Prejudices.

To amuſe our People with the Views of Peace, and the *French* applying to us for Peace, when they really make no Motion that Way, is but to tell the *French*, what is apparently falſe in Fact, that we ſtand in as much Need of it as they—— There is no doubt we all ſtand in Need of Peace, but not to ſuch Extremity as the Enemy—— And to thoſe that cry out our Funds are all exhauſted, our Taxes all mortgag'd, and that no new Springs are to be found out to carry on the War—— I ſay nothing but this, *Nil deſperandum*; have Patience, you have found no Want yet, no Deficiency, no Fund offer'd that does not fill, no Loan aſk'd whoſe Conditions are doubtful, or whoſe Supply has been deficient—— And perhaps we are not ſo near being exhauſted, as ſome People may imagine.

I ſhall take a ſummary View of the preſent Poſture of Affairs, as to Peace and War, in my next.

MISCELLANEA.

I Am now entring upon an Enquiry into the Methods for improving the Lands of *Scotland*, as being the only Foundation-Step of raiſing the preſent Circumſtances of that injur'd Country, and reſtoring her to ſuch a Figure, as ſhe may, and I am ſure, ought to make in the World—to reſcue her from the Scandal of your Tongues, raiſe her from the Grave of Contempt—and make her firſt rich, and that of Courſe will ſerve her for Reputation in your corrupted Judgments—Tho' I think in Juſtice, ſhe has ſomething the more Reputation for being contemn'd by an Age, that *according to Solomon*, judge of a Matter before they hear it; and ſpeak evil of the People, *as well as of the Things*, they underſtand not.

To introduce this the more intelligibly, it will be needful to give a ſhort Abridgment of the preſent Caſe of the Lands in *Scotland*, with ſome of the vulgar Errors and National Miſtakes, under which the greateſt part of the preſent Miſchief of Non-Improvement is generated and continu'd; for in order to a Cure, I preſume, every wiſe Phyſician firſt makes himſelf perfect Maſter of two Things—— The Nature of the Diſeaſe; and the Conſtitu-

tion

tion of the Patient. I shall pursue the Allegory.

Scotland is the Patient, her Distemper is Barrenness—her Constitution a Backwardness of Improvement. First for the Distemper; I must allow it in General for the Sake of the Argument—She is barren—— That is, the Lands produce but little, comparatively, to what other Countries and Climates produce—— Whether it is a native Sterility of the Earth, or Air, or whether it is an accidental Sterility for Want of Application.

There is no doubt, but in the last Sense, all the World may be call'd barren; *Spain*, that is as rich and fertile as any Part of *Europe*, how is it a sandy, parch'd Desert, forsaken of its Inhabitants, and forsaken of the Industry and Application of those that remain! —— GOD the great Director, as well as Maker of Nature, has commanded her, she shall obey the Call of Industry, but shall no where be a Volunteer to Man's Negligence——— If he will not bestow the Sweat of his Brows to eat his Bread, he really shall have no Bread—— The Earth, obedient to the Voice that pronounc'd the great Curse upon Man's Treason against GOD, brings *Thorns* and *Briars*, instead of *Wheat* and *Barley*; if you expect to be fed, you must WORK; the richest Mines lie deepest in the Earth —— And the best Diamonds in the hardest Rocks. The Treasures of Nature are conceal'd, as Rarities inaccessible but by Labour, reserv'd as a Reward to the Industrious, and deny'd to the Slothful as a just Punishment of their Sloth, that *Solomon*'s Words may touch our Experience, *that the Vineyard of the Slothful is over-grown with Thorns, and the diligent Hand makes rich.*

Nature's a Virgin very chast and coy,
To court her's Nonsense; if you will enjoy,
She must be ravish'd;
When She's forc'd, She's free,
A perfect Prostitute to Industry.

In short, the Nature of Things is thus all over the World; GOD has not curs'd *Scotland* above all the Nations of *Europe*— If *Scotland* may indeed be reserv'd by Providence for these Ages of Industry, and as in Encouragement to our uniting Temper. —The Improvement of *Scotland* may be left, *as it seems to me to be*, for a meer Consequence of the Union—— But assure your selves, there is no Barrenness there, but what is common to this whole Island, no Sterility but what Industry will cure— I shall not look back to reproach the People of *Scotland* with neglecting their own Advantages, and being wanting to themselves in applying a diligent Hand to the Gifts of Nature; let them that have been guilty, and are sensible of it, mend it. I know, they have been a plunder'd, disquieted, persecuted, and always a discourag'd Nation.

But let me give you one Hint, Gentlemen in *Scotland*; don't lay your own Sloth upon the Back of your Country, and load your Maker with what is meerly your own Fault. —Do not sit still, and cry out of Sterility and Barrenness, Badness of the Climate, and Want of Sun——While you have not so much as try'd, whether it is so or no—— Remember the Fable of *Jupiter*, and the *Waggoner*, who pray'd for Help, but never set his Shoulder to the Wheel.

Set the Spade into the Earth, and bend your Bones to the Labour, up and to work, *you'll soon find*, that 'tis the People, not the Land that is unfruitful; 'tis Want of Industry, not Want of Sun-shine, makes *Scotland* barren; and I doubt not to prove in the Process of this Discourse, that *England* is every whit as barren as *Scotland*, and *Scotland* every whit as fruitful as *England*, proportion'd to Circumstances, and that the whole Difference, we now see, lies only in the Application.

This brings me to name the second Article, *Viz.* The Constitution of the Patient; and without doubt according to this, the Physician is to apply his Remedies——— The Constitution of *Scotland* has at this time several Things, which render her Improvement both backward and difficult——— And while I enquire into them, in order not to expose, but cure them, I hope, no Body will take Offence at the Search.

1. The

1. Deficiency of Stock, either to make Improvement, or carry it on when made; in being a general Maxim, and the Foundation of Improvement in Husbandry, That Stock upon Land makes Land rich, and rich Land mends the Stock.
2. Ignorance in Method, for Want of Encouragement to make the Experiments.
3. Unhappy Tenures and Bondage to the Landlords, which disable and discourage the Tenants.
4. Want of Vent, or Markets for the Produce, when rais'd.

Of all which I shall speak in their Order.

ERRATA.

REVIEW, N° 46. Page 182. Col. 2. Line 24. for 4 *d.* *and* 5 *d.* *per diem*, read, 4 *s.* *and* 5 *s.* *per diem.*

Advertisement to the Author of the Suppliment.

HUmbly *signifying, That it would be a singular Obligation to his Friends, and an Honour to the worthy Society of News-Writers, if he would be pleas'd to explain to the World, that extraordinary Piece of News in his last* Suppliment, *dated* July 20. *Viz.* That King *Augustus* has ten Thousand Horse ON FOOT— *If he means that the Horses stand upon their Feet, Authors are not agreed about it, and Philosophers question it; if it means that they go by the Help of their Feet, it is really a strange Piece of News; and confirms the World in that most material Piece of Knowledge, that the Horses in* Saxony *go just as they do here; but if it be meant, that all King* Augustus's *Horsemen are dismounted, most People are of Opinion, that the K. of S...en will not find it so.*

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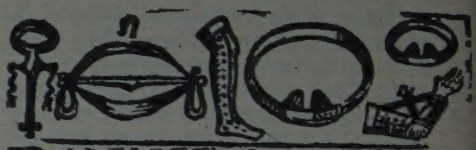

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N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, lives at the Place above-mention'd, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.